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Progress Report

AT THEIR annual convention, held during the last days of June in Newark, N. J., the Catholic War Veterans elected to their board of directors four gentlemen from various parts of the country. Among these was Mr. John C. James of Lafayette, La. And the thing about Mr. James which in a properly ordered society would elicit no comment in our columns is that he is a Negro. As far as we have been able to ascertain, this is the first time that a Negro has been elected to high office in any of the older veterans' organizations. It is the C.W.V. which is honored by its action.

The British Loan

LORD KEYNES brought back the loan to England—at least he thought that he had brought back the loan to England—and then he died. The men on the newspapers in America who wrote the obituaries of this brilliant man assumed also that he had returned from America—like that other man from Marathon—bringing news of great importance to his countrymen and, like the other man, had been so exhausted by the journey that he died.

It had been extremely fatiguing, Lord Keynes admitted; the debate with the American government had lasted a long time; it had not been one of those rare and rewarding debates in which every mind is intent only on finding the best possible solution to a given problem; on the contrary it had been a debate in which one side—his side—had been acting under the strongest and most immediate compulsion; no matter how they reasoned they had to take what they could get. But when it was finished, Lord Keynes said here is the loan; I have brought it back and you have to take it or else we must go into a closed economy of our own, which means fighting the Americans and everyone else in all the ports and in all the markets of the world, a course of action which in theory is undesirable, in practice impossible.

At the time, we published reports from England, particularly those by J. L. Benvenisti, which showed the great reluctance with which the English government and people faced the prospect of incurring such a heavy burden of indebtedness, and which showed also that there was no way in which they could avoid it. At the time—it seems so long ago—the people who were making the loan, the American people, looked at the loan right side up, upside down, judging it from our point of view.

Quite properly the debate was intense. There are many loans that an individual or a nation can make for profit. So that, at first, we looked at this loan to England from the profit point of view and there did not seem to be much chance of making any money out of it—not directly. Indirectly, however, it seemed to involve a great deal more than the interest on a loan; it seemed so much more important than a question of two and a half percent or something on an investment that some Americans even thought that it would still be profitable to us were we to give the money outright without question of interest or repayment. And this was because the loan was one of the strongest instruments we had by which to keep some part of the world open to free commerce.

That is the view which caused the Administration to make the loan in the first place; it is the view which enabled the Administration's Bill to pass in the Senate.

All this happened long ago, and every month there has been something new: we have had the Russians to think about, Bikini for a little while, Trieste, the Paris Conference, and week ends in the country perhaps and the summer anyhow. If anyone thought about the loan to England he thought it had been made, and if he thought any further about the matter it might be to wonder when, if ever, our factories would produce something on which the British could spend the money we loaned them.

Perhaps we thought the loan had been made because the Senate had voted to make it. We are accustomed to thinking of the Senate as the last barrier that anything having to do with foreign

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affairs must pass. We had forgotten the House.

Our foreign policy has been proceeding in the face of immense difficulties on the assumption that the loan to England would go through—this loan which is a token of our desire to maintain an open society in an open world. And now, once again, a coherent foreign policy is endangered.

The British have been making their plans thinking they have this loan; we have been making plans that will enable the British and other nations to stay outside a totalitarian economy—thinking that we had this instrument of the loan to use in this perhaps most important of all endeavors to preserve peace. Suddenly we find that the House has the Bill and we cannot tell what the House will do with it. President Truman writes a letter, Secretary Brynes telegraphs from Paris; —and Americans wish that our representatives in the House had listened as we listened to the British Loan debate in the Senate and were not looking at it now as if it were something brand new that they could spoil.

Problems for Peace

ON JULY 29 the peace conference is apparently going to meet, finally, in Paris. Prolonged bickering by the "Big Four" resulted in plans to permit the representatives of the twenty-one nations participating to govern themselves and their work, not bound and checked ahead of time by rules laid down by the Powers.

It is not to be a general peace conference. Major decisions about Italy have already been taken, and about Baltic and Eastern Europe and China and Japan. A German settlement is not on the agenda. Germany is simply the center and pay-off of the whole world peace structure.

We believe that Secretary Byrnes and his troupe and his Washington colleagues are perfectly intelligent and sophisticated enough for the work of carrying on American Governmental policy. It is that policy itself which leads a citizen to almost total pessimism.

It appears to us that Franklin Delano Roosevelt undertook a suicidal policy based on the double gamble that (1) Russian Communism does not seek a united, monolithic world Soviet system, and that (2) the Russian State Party would cooperate in friendly fashion to favor some peace with some freedom. There was never a time when this was better than a wild gamble, and many months ago it was demonstrably lost. The Government should have cut the loss and repudiated the policy long ago. Instead, we go on throwing away one thing after another piecemeal.

The American and world public would not permit everything to be thrown away all at once. That is one important reason why there is no genuine, general peace conference. The technique of appeasement, that is, the activation of American policy, requires limited step followed by limited step. The war comes when the Government of the people finally and inevitably sets a limit to the number of steps.

The Baltic States, Eastern Europe and preeminently Italy were the scapegoats offered in appeasement before the event. The Conference can bless all that and receive Russia's succeeding suggestions.

But Russian Communism cannot be appeased. Its aggression can be stopped and held in check by British and American power frankly and openly prepared and poised to strike back whenever Russia operates to take over a new area and government and millions of people. The United States should hold the line against the Soviet system while creative forces throughout the world, including the enormous portion of it ruled by Russia, have the opportunity to develop a stronger resistance to totalitarian tyranny, and to develop a greater and wider-spread will to friendship and freedom and peace.

We rejoice that Mr. Byrnes has stubbornly insisted that the little nations shall be able to speak at the coming peace conference. We wish they were going to be able to speak about the most harassing problems actually making our lack of war only an ill disguised and losing battle without the gaudier mechanical weapons of armies. We wish Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Truman and the rest would tell us so that we could believe them how appeasement is going to make everything fine.

Russia, Inside

MR. BROOKS ATKINSON, who has served for ten months as head of the New York *Times's* Moscow Bureau, is now back home and has written three articles for his paper which will make it fairly sure that he does not go back to the USSR. There is nothing particularly new in what Mr. Atkinson has written, but his achievement is notable because of his clear and forceful language and the inclusiveness of his analysis. The principal points he makes are well worth summarizing and meditating. Together with most American observers, Mr. Atkinson likes the Russian people, and views their government as being an iron curtain between this admirable people and their natural friends in the outer world.

The reality of the Soviet régime, however, is what matters. And this reality is thoroughly unpleasant. Mr. Atkinson openly calls it "reactionary," because it instinctively thinks in terms of force. Its leaders have been conditioned by their conspiratorial past into making a fetish of secrecy and into accepting the doctrine that the end justifies the means. This same past has given

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them an obsession of insecurity and produces a fear and scorn of everything foreign. One result is the most complete isolation ever imposed on any modern nation, and a further result, through lack of cultural cross-fertilization, is the production of a stupefyingly mediocre *petit bourgeois* mentality. And all this, Mr. Atkinson keeps repeating, is not only a psychological and cultural condition, but is deliberately exploited in the interests of producing a socialist world after the Moscow pattern. Here is a typically able paragraph:

> In an abnormal climate of this kind, group aberrations flourish. And it seems to me that the most conspicuous and also the most irritating abnormality in Soviet leadership is a group paranoia. The leaders imagine that every man's hand is against them; they imagine that they are surrounded. And, of course, there is no more certain way of arousing first the bewilderment, then the contempt and finally the enmity of other nations. In view of the size, strength, courage and inexhaustible resources of the Soviet Union, this phobia about being trapped and cramped would be hilarious, if it were not so troublesome to foreigners who want to find some way of getting on with the Soviet Union.

In view of all this, Mr. Atkinson's best foreseeable future is an "armed peace." His is a sad prognostic for a world which has suffered what our world has suffered, and it leaves open to us in the field of positive action only the greatest effort we can make toward improving our own society, which is already immeasurably superior to that behind the iron curtain, while keeping ourselves strong so that war may continue to seem a dubious means to the end of "world revolution."

Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini

IN LARGE MEASURE, the American newspapers, including American Catholic newspapers, have greeted the canonization of Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini as a great and splendid national event. While that is true and we feel there has been no more honorable event in American history, still, that is not the main thing, and it would be a back-front approach to dwell first on the lustre given our flag and the honor confirmed in our community.

In recognizing Mother Cabrini and rejoicing in her canonization, God is honored. She lived a saint, and continues to live a saint through the heroic possession of the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity. The glory is turned from her to God—her capital goodness was theological: focused upon God—and is surely most indirectly to be claimed by us here and now. In her case, mankind did what man is supposed to do and the universe can well rejoice, rarely.

The national meaning, the lessons or propaganda of Mother Cabrini's canonization, makes a subordinate theme of less certain and less surely pointed significance. Saint Frances Xavier was a United States citizen and so an American saint of a new kind. There are other saints and blessed of America and of what is now the United States who have sanctified our soil and helped make it a rich home for Christians. She is almost our contemporary and so recently dead that the institutions going in our day and the geography, the city names and streets and buildings which we know and live with are the same. Mother Cabrini lived here and knew these things and she overcame them, on the one hand, and used them, on the other, as the place and things of a triumphantly holy life. Her life makes where we live and what we live with more obviously human to us and more clearly related to charity and heaven.

Mother Cabrini was an Italian immigrant, a foreign born citizen of "Mediterranean" stock. She was particularly concerned with the vast number of immigrant Americans who were uprooted from their homes and their traditional cultures and their religion. These people did not find a comprehensive, developed culture in America ready to embrace them and fill their needs. This country was, and is, a land of many partial and fragmentary civilizations and greater and lesser remnants and commencements of different cultures. Mother Cabrini was undoubtedly a champion of the transferred fraction of Italian Catholic civilization, about the oldest and finest which has come to our shores. But that strain was then and still is subordinate here to the Northern and Mayflower tradition from the past and to the "modern American" rather materialist and Philistine civilization which is so widely deplored abroad as threatening our future.

It is clear that neither the older Anglo-Saxon pattern of the past, nor the Italian culture that came in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, nor the modern materialist (or happy pagan) civilization that has seemed to be growing over recent decades—none of these or any other present in the country is adequately formed and broad enough in content to give America by itself a genuine and satisfying culture for the adequate development of a person. If we are to be anything but some curious kind of fragmentary fossil or some perhaps wonderful new barbarian, then we must work hard to recognize the riches of all our part cultures brought here from abroad and of all the efforts originated here in our new environment, and we must try to organize and integrate these varied riches in an ever-expanding and constantly sympathetic pattern of thought and action. Mother Cabrini, the immigrant, became an American very truly and in the best sense. It would be tragedy of the worst sort and most abysmal stupidity not to work and pray that her life may be embedded firmly in the traditions being created to form for America a civilization which makes a man's life full and which glorifies God.

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Four Central Problems

Of knowledge . . . evolution . . . psychology . . . morals . . .

A. D. Sertillanges

FOR OUR contemporaries, nature is the object of feverish research philosophically aimed at this double problem: Is nature, as we know it from experience, a reality in itself, or is it, in part or in whole, a creation of our own thinking and feeling? Thus the problem of knowledge and the problem of the criticism of science today preoccupy a great many minds. Then again, is nature itself a fixed thing? Is nature on the move, is nature seeking after something? Do we work within a relatively rigid circle of constantly repeated phenomena, or do we speed off along an endlessly projected tangent toward an infinity of continually novel achievements? This is the famous and ever-living problem of evolution. Are these not, indeed, the principal interests of modern man regarding nature and our relationship thereto?

Regarding the first of these questions, that of the relation between knowledge and reality, Thomism wisely holds itself equally distant from the two extremes which are themselves equally fatal to thought and equally the foes of that good sense which is, after all, the higher law of science. Some people accuse us of "naïve realism"; but only because they have failed to understand the subjective and admittedly idealist aspect of our system.

We are knowing beings, says an exponent of Thomism. And at the same time we are aware that, in knowing, we impinge upon something outside us; yet we are aware that we remain ourselves; hence we understand that there must be a strict correlation, a junction between the nature of things and the knowledge we have and the power of knowing lodged within us. Knowing is a becoming, a form of life. Now all life is an assimilation; every assimilation presumes a kinship between the living being and its food; it presumes also a disparity, an otherness. That which I know, to the extent that *I* know it, is not I, and I am not it by means of any dispersal of my self. In this approach, if you reflect upon it, there is a basis for partaking of both doctrines.

On behalf of idealism, we should say: we know by means of ideas. If then we truly know things, it is because things are ideas or the children of ideas, it is because the real is thought, thought which does not think *itself,* as Lachelier put it, but which *we* think, internally shaping ourselves to its likeness. That which dwells within us through knowing is a subjective form of the objective reality; it is the objective reality received within us, at once in accordance with itself and in accordance with ourselves; it is a synthesis of subject and object; it is a common life of two realities made for their conjunction, because of their close kinship in being. This is surely a lofty conception. By its means, the excesses of idealism can be banished together with the excesses of materialistic empiricism.

Indeed, materialism under all its guises is, from the point of view of this fundamental problem, merely objectivism pushed to the limit; that is, a feeling exclusively for the object, confidence exclusively in the object, the subject being forgotten or incorporated into the object itself. And from the same point of view, idealism is a subjectivism; that is, a blotting up of reality into the subject. The whole history of philosophy might be viewed as an oscillation between these two tendencies.

Hence, on the one hand, we find a total faith in external reality as we see it, the subjugation of science to the study of objective relationships, the interpretation of thought through the play of these objective relationships within the brain, and consequently the denial of the thinking soul, at the very moment when this snubbed soul, this neglected *me* is carrying on the whole enterprise, and thus plays the part of an *anti-object,* of a *non-empirical* and *non-material* element. Such was scientism, and such was, in days gone by, the position of those whom Aristotle calls the naturalists of old: such men as Empedocles, Heraclitus, Diogenes of Apollonia, Hippo, Critias, and above all Democritus.

On the other hand, we find a passionate analysis of the subjective conditions of knowledge, of the faculties, of the me, and a tendency toward looking upon the real as being no more than a modification of thought. Such is the Kantian criticism together with all its derivatives, the multitude of which so burdens and befuddles us. And such, in Greek days, were the notions of Carneades and the Eleatic school.

Thomism must be praised for having been able to avoid this flight in two opposite directions and

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for having, through a precise notion of the human thinking process, held itself at the very confluence of thinking and of things, at the very spot where thinking and things, on the one hand in the intelligible act, on the other in the act of knowing, become one. The whole masterpiece lies in this formula, the depth of whose significance very few are able to plumb: *Intellectus in actu et intelligible in actu unum sunt.*

★

Our second problem—the problem of evolution—must be approached differently, since it is a subject belonging to our own day and to scientific experimentation. During the Middle Ages it was possible to be an evolutionist, you might even have been one during antiquity, but your position would have been taken entirely arbitrarily. The known facts did not in any way lend themselves to such a position. Hence wisdom, for so positive a man as was Saint Thomas, suggested the following position, which, indeed, he held. We are aware of the processes of nature, he said, through watching nature operate. In our experience, does nature tend to change? No. Nature constantly proceeds along the same paths, repeats the same cycles, and seems disposed to do so as though by institution. Is there any necessity for this? Not at all. Saint Thomas raises no objection of principle against the evolutionary thesis. Quite the contrary, he considers the possibility of certain forms of evolution, and his general principles would readily supply both justifications and safeguards for a wise evolutionary theory. I say a *wise* evolutionary theory. There are absurd varieties of evolutionary theory. Such, for instance, is that which, by erecting evolution into a new divinity, insists that it thereby does away with God. You might as well say that a clock or a water wheel needs never to have had a builder because it functions by itself and functions successfully.

These abuses apart, however, I insist that Thomism, in its fundamental principles, is a magnificent framework for any evolutionary system, present or future. It conceives, as underlying all natural phenomena, like the woof prerequisite to all possible patterns of cloth, to all possible ways of throwing the eternal shuttle through the warp, that which it calls *prime matter*: a formless becoming, hence able successively to take on all forms. It conceives, at the highest level of all, general activities which Saint Thomas was never able to define with any certainty—they have not been defined to this day—but the principle of which is sufficient to account for the world's perpetual transformations, in accordance with laws themselves subject to gradual variation, under the sovereign rule of an eternal thought. And as between these two, it attests to the analogy between living and non-living forms of existence, vegetable and animal, feeling and thinking forms of existence, at least to the extent that the latter are woven in matter. And this proceeds to the point where Saint Thomas arrives at a kind of biological unity throughout the cosmos. Surely a conception broad enough for anybody.

All Thomists are not aware of the opportunity this affords for the interpretation of experience. Such persons point to the fixity of form, which is idea, wherefore there is no movement in the order of substance: *"Non est motus in ordine substantiae."* But Saint Thomas himself replies that if form does not change, the composite may change *secundum formam,* and that, since form has no existence of its own, it thus changes in the concrete according to everything that it is (*secundum quid est*). Such Thomists, and others, will go on to raise objections based on the impossibility of proceeding from the lesser to the more, as would be necessary for any evolutionary theory. But they forget the "Heavens": that is to say, those universal forces, whatever their nature, to which I have just alluded. Nor can they fall back upon the assertion of the resistance of matter, since matter is one and the same in all things (*una numero in omnibus*). One and the same . . . that is more than you need to make possible and even certain a succession of forms.

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Now to turn to psychology. I do it all the more gladly since its problems have for me a certain nostalgia. My predecessor in the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques,* Théodule Ribot, impregnated by scientism, laid claim to be able to explain all psychological phenomena, except that which is called the "soul"—he always surrounded the word with quotation marks—and the "faculties of the soul," which he looked upon purely as "verbal entities." He had taken this position on the rebound against the "spiritualists" of the Cousin, Jouffroy school, themselves heirs of Descartes and of a certain Platonism innocent of experimental method and thereby largely invalidated. In this controversy everyone was right and at the same time everyone was wrong, because no one assumed a point of view sufficiently inclusive, sufficiently exalted and penetrating to reconcile these opposites.

For Plato and for Descartes, the soul is a kind of angel who dwells within the body and directs the body as a pilot governs the course of his ship; it is like "an invisible animal lodged within the visible animal," as Titchener jestingly put it. Now this is false and it explains nothing. You could not have taken a position which would better lend itself to the attacks of a science developed beyond the elementary. On the other hand, however, supposing that man is not a soul stirring within a body, a soul dragging a corpse

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around with it, as Epictetus so graphically put it, are you going to say that man is a body which explodes into a soul, as though the soul were no more than a lighted fuse, a function? Surely this would be the logical outcome of Ribot's position—had he not scorned the rôle of philosopher, while at the very same instant playing that very part, as usually happens in such cases. Nor does that explain anything. For, as Claude Bernard used to say, matter, the physico-chemical elements, no more explain, in themselves, the functioning of our minds than the weights and gears of a grandfather clock explain time.

We must lift ourselves above all this. The same Claude Bernard, great thinker that he was, was right in saying that from the point of view of science, of psychological or physiological phenomena, the terms spiritualism and materialism have worn a trifle threadbare. For in precise terms, neither an exclusive spiritualism nor an exclusive materialism are true; because neither the soul nor the body have any definition within us, and therefore have no independent existence. In altogether concrete terms, there is neither a soul nor a body: there is man, who is an animate body, an incarnate soul, that is to say, a single substance, though arising from a double principle whereof one element can survive by itself. And at once we see that our ground has completely shifted.

In no way do I reproach my dear friend and predecessor for having said that the soul and its faculties, viewed as immediate explanatory causes of phenomena, are merely verbal entities. This is quite true. That which thinks within us, that which wills, that which feels and is moved, is a mixed substance, it is not a soul *in* a body. The soul is not an inner motor. That which moves a living man is the living man himself in his various parts which, under diverse relationships, mutually activate themselves, in circular fashion. The soul is an inner art, as though an active idea, but active by means of attributes, of properties which are the properties of the living composite. Thus here also the road is open to all sorts of positive research. Psychology, while at the same time a metaphysics of the soul, becomes a biology, an experimental science. And no conflict is any longer possible, because the methods used differ as much as the objects pursued. The end result, however, is one: knowledge of that intermediate state between inanimate matter and pure form, of that borderland being who is neither an angel, nor a beast, of that monster which is man.

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And finally I should like to say a few words about morals, a realm where you might think that Thomism must almost necessarily be stripped of originality, committed as it is by its bonds with religion along lines everyone thinks he knows. Yet this is not at all the case. Thomist morals possess high originality. This moral system is very imperfectly known, yet is contains all that is needed intellectually to reconcile the opposing tendencies which have come to light in our modern society.

What are these tendencies? I shall state them in very elementary form. We have, on the one hand, our concern to safeguard the autonomy of the human being, his free development, his self-realization in accordance with his own nature without the constraint of outside intervention. This concern leads us to reject any claim to transcendent Duty, to a legalism which we are willing to view as nothing more than a repellent regimentation. On the other hand, the needs of life and of its organization—more and more is this the case as these become more complex—force us to feel the need for a principle of order, or a discipline external to individuals, aimed at grouping them together, aligning them, making of them an organic humanity rather than a jiggling mass of silly insects, as mankind so often seems to be.

It is no easy task to join these tendencies together. Many a philosopher has found this his stumbling block and great would be the boon of providing the saving formula in this realm. Now let us see what Thomist thought has to say on the subject. Man's life is enmeshed within a general whole, wherein he retains his own characteristics, but which carries him along in a vast surge. The beginning, the end, and the course of development of this movement condition his fate as they do the fate of every being. This is the Cosmos, with a sovereign Providence at its summit. Is it not here that we shall encounter, through a natural application of the principle of adaptation, the norms for all activity?

Something within man tells him so: his conscience, consisting in that body of impulses to which his reasonable nature is subjected, of those dictates which his mind perceives and to which, when he is on the right road, his conduct conforms. Man can only stray and be lost if he withdraws himself from the divine current that gives the world direction and achieves, within this whole, the creative ends. While he remains in the current, and even more so if he helps the current along—after all, merely by following the current he always helps it—man saves himself and, together with himself, that portion of the human or inferior reality contiguous to his being. What he must do is to bring his life to fulfillment, through his life give aid to broader fulfillments. Here is no mystery, and certainly a very positive line of thought. No one could properly describe this as hollow regimentation, nor could you say on the other hand that it yields in any particular

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to anarchy or a selfish refusal of collaboration. In order to fulfil himself, in order to achieve ultimate happiness, in order to do his duty, man has only one task: to recognize his life for what it is and to act upon the consequences.

Morals consists of nothing more than the art of guiding man's free activity in the direction of his end, as determined for him by his nature and by his place in the universe, as suggested to him by the wisdom of his own instincts. Or, if you prefer to use this slightly schematic but, I believe, crystal clear formula, morality is the science of what man should do by virtue of what he is. By this means, all is resolved, for in this conception ultimate happiness—the goal of all—and the autonomy of the individual—which we are so anxious to protect—and duty—impossible to exclude from any moral system . . . all three notions which so many moralities tend to place in conflict, coincide. And is not the means of reconciling them a handsome one? Look elsewhere and you will always find some flaw. Kant has dealt magnificently with Duty; he was incapable of explaining whence duty came or what it served. He wanted it to serve no purpose and to come from nowhere, which drew upon him the ridicule of Schopenhauer and promptly led to the abandonment of his ethics as unreal and arbitrary. Stuart Mill and Bentham, following trails blazed by Epicurus and Eudoxus of Cnidos, exalted happiness and utility; apart from many other failings, they came to grief in their solution of that famous problem involved in the transition from egoism to altruism, a problem which affects all social morality, and they came to grief because they had no principle to supply them with a common ground.

The advocates of autonomy, moreover, have failed to set up an imperative which would commit the individual and logically justify his participation in group action as is required by civilization. And those who have appealed to a social commandment, like Durkheim, or a divine commandment, like Dun Scotus, both have failed to explain the right of society with regard to the individual or the duty of society toward itself, the latter failing also to explain how the divine commandment assumes a rational, biological or anthropological character, and thus affords proper consideration to the nature of things and to the individual dynamism of each various conscience and of various societies.

In all these teachings everything that has been said has been merely a partial statement, and hence inadequate or self-contradictory. By contrast, Thomistic morality takes account of everything and reconciles everything, because, apart from its notably philosophical character, it possesses a scientific character, in the most modern sense of the word, wherewith to link itself to the real and to fit itself for our days of scientific research. Indeed it springs, as I have said, from the law of development and from the law of adaptation, objects of scientific inquiry, and in applying them to the case of man, Thomistic morality merely takes into account man's place in the universe and his quality as a self-moving agent.

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In sum, then, the more you study Thomism, the better you understand why the Church has been so eager to champion it in these days of confusion and of a deathly scattering of minds. There are certainly many who, by themselves, cannot make this choice. To them I would say that it is a matter of having confidence. The confidence of a Catholic, however, surely should naturally turn to that institution which has been given the mission and the grace to guide on the highest levels the flights of his spirit.

The Church believes today, as she has believed from its start, that Thomism is an ark of salvation capable of keeping afloat intelligences floundering in a flood of many systems. If in the near future agreement were possible, much would have been won toward a reorientation and unity for all of us, for order and for peace, which is the tranquillity of order. Everything comes from its wellsprings, and the first spring of human activity and civilization is the spring of thought.

Prince Felix and the Medals

JOHN BRODERICK

LOOKING AT things as they were during the months just before the war it did not seem likely that the interests of Jimmy Cannon, Prince Felix of Luxembourg, and Colonel "Arbrogast" would ever converge. As far as I have been able to find out Jimmy Cannon passed his time in those days working as a reporter on a newspaper in one of the large cities of eastern New Jersey; about that same time Prince Felix was in Luxembourg busy with the aristocratic occupations of government, gambling, and travel; and Colonel Arbrogast was in Cleveland, Ohio, directing what is called "plant protection" for a large corporation. Now that the war is over Prince Felix is back at his old pursuits in Luxembourg: Jimmy Cannon has returned from the *Stars and Stripes* to a position of increased literary importance as an author of a daily column about sporting events for the New York *Post;* and I have heard that Colonel Arbrogast is working at the same place in Cleveland again. Of the three I am sure that only Colonel Arbrogast was aware of their brief relation to each other in Luxembourg last summer.

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Colonel Arbrogast went to England as a captain from the Ohio National Guard in the days just after we entered the war, and both his military and social advancement was immediately impressive. By the time our headquarters moved to France he was a colonel, had been present at a tea sponsored by the King and Queen of England for American officers, and owned a short-snorter bill signed by Quentin Reynolds. In conversation he became fond of splendid but amorphous bits of information: "the German steel people before the war . . ." he would say, or "our people told DeGaulle. . . ."

Officially the Colonel was not considered more important than other staff officers at our headquarters, but his position as head of the personnel division had a special attraction: it made him a kind of postmaster general, concerned, among other things, with light military patronage in the form of awards and decorations. Like many other intermediate headquarters, our command had been delegated the authority to award certain of the more ordinary war decorations. This matter was handled for our general by Colonel Arbrogast and his assistants, who spent considerable time reviewing accounts of meritorious deeds sent up from subordinate units. There was also a less public side to the Colonel's work in this field which required particular talents.

The variety of decorations at his disposal was limited, so the Colonel was expected to see that performances beyond the ordinary call of duty accomplished by fellow staff officers were noticed and decently rewarded by headquarters higher than our own. Ordinarily this would have been a routine task, but the undramatic character of our headquarters made it a complicated and disheartening assignment. We had always traveled a good distance to the rear of the harsh business of war, and although our staff officers had tended to their assigned business conscientiously their relation to the flesh-and-blood enemy had remained largely academic, and it was difficult to recognize heroic passages in their military careers. This condition was a serious disadvantage and in the final stages of the European war, when the struggle for personal recognition became more intense everywhere, it made the Colonel's efforts to represent our people effectively at higher headquarters almost hopeless. Naturally there was some unhappiness over all this, and if it had not been for Colonel Arbrogast's brilliant staff work in Luxembourg after the war ended our officers might have closed out their military lives with only a low caliber decoration or two apiece to show for their service.

The early relations between our headquarters and the Luxembourg royal family came about naturally enough: a week after we arrived in Luxembourg city the Germans surrendered and it was obvious that someone should arrange a parade to celebrate the victory. In addition to our party there were two other American delegations in the city at that moment: a small band of military government people, and an unexplained remnant of General Bradley's 12th Army Group Headquarters, reduced to single hotel strength. We were easily the most numerous, as well as the only people who had a general officer on hand, so our liaison officer was sent to the palace to make arrangements for the parade.

Our liaison officer was a major (for some reason he was called an "executive" liaison officer at our headquarters) and up to that time he had been charged with responsibilities much like those of a desk clerk in a hotel. He greeted miscellaneous visitors in the name of the general and attempted to keep them in a happy frame of mind about things like billeting, mess, and transportation while they were with us. However, he managed very well at the palace and returned to headquarters with an invitation for our general to review the parade from the palace balcony with the royal family. He explained that the invitation had been extended by Felix, the prince consort, who handled minor business matters for his wife, the Duchess Charlotte.

Even before the day of the parade most of us had seen Prince Felix when he and the Duchess Charlotte made one of their regular appearances on the palace balcony in answer to the cries of *"vive!" "vive!"* sent up by the crowds who gathered repeatedly in the street in front of the palace to celebrate the recent return of the entire royal family from England where they had spent the war years after escaping the Germans when Luxembourg was invaded in 1940. Prince Felix always reminded me of the elder Douglas Fairbanks, and many things I heard about him fitted this impression. The Luxembourgers were very fond of him; everyone said he was charming, intelligent, and *trés vif* in conversation, but they were less enthusiastic about his preference for lively and expensive diversions. Several years before the war the Duchess had been forced to sell her summer palace to the citizens of the duchy in order to rescue the Prince after an unsuccessful season in the Riviera casinos. For a little while after this incident the Luxembourgers referred to Felix as *"le prince qu'on sort."*

A few days after the parade Colonel Arbrogast made the first slight movement in his plan. The liaison officer came to the section where I worked to relay a request from the Colonel for all available information concerning decorations awarded by the Duchy of Luxembourg: information to be accompanied by pictures, if possible. The next step was more generally known when the liaison officer returned from a second visit to the palace and told friends that he had lightly

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mentioned the subject of decorations to Prince Felix.

From that time on anyone who was interested could easily follow the progress made by the Colonel and his deputy in their negotiations with Prince Felix. The administrative policy of our headquarters required that all officers keep a daily record of their official doings: each week these reports were compiled and circulated throughout the headquarters as a matter of general information. Entries under the heading "Executive Liaison" began to run something like this:

> May 25. Conference with Colonel Arbrogast *re* Luxembourg decorations.
>
> May 26. Discussed with Colonel Arbrogast possibility of special decoration for General. Also drew up list of staff officers eligible for Luxembourg decorations.
>
> May 27. Conference with H.R.H. Prince Felix at palace.

The Colonel's behavior in the officers' mess at the Hotel Brasseur also indicated that everything was going well. His frequent meals with the liaison officer appeared to be very genial affairs. While the Colonel obviously enjoyed the notion of himself negotiating anonymously with a foreign power, the effect of the experience on his agent was overwhelming. To meet the sudden bloom of increased responsibilities the liaison officer hastily took up the diplomatic language of European courts and acquired the habit of battering the hotel waiters with a kind of French that depended entirely on concussion for its effect.

The condition of Luxembourg public opinion in those days added strength to the Colonel's remote pressure on Prince Felix. In the days just after the war ended the Luxembourgers exhibited a general, uncritical enthusiasm for Americans, generously associating everyone in an American uniform with the soldiers who had cleared the Germans out of Luxembourg and later spared the capitol a second German invasion when the von Rundstedt counter-offensive in the Ardennes was at its peak. Specifically, most of the important military work in Luxembourg had been done by members of the Third Army who had long since moved on. But their achievements made it possible for later, less active American formations—like our headquarters—to live on a legacy of indiscriminate gratitude. Colonel Arbrogast was trading on this helpful situation, and Prince Felix, whose reaction to Americans was certainly more selective than that of his subjects, was in the position of victim in an old game of blackmail.

No one doubted that the Colonel would get the decorations he was after, but it became fairly obvious that, in spite of the Colonel's advantages, Prince Felix intended to do a little bargaining before he gave in, either because he resented his position, or because he viewed the whole affair as a sporting event that could be amusing and might help pass the time. The thing about our headquarters that seemed to strike him as most worth bargaining for was the use of a number of transport planes we maintained at an airstrip just outside Luxembourg city. He must have made this clear to our liaison officer during one of their early exploratory talks, because by the middle of June the liaison officer's report in the headquarters administrative log indicated that he was spending most of his time as travel agent for the Prince. The liaison officer's record of his work during that period read about like this:

> June 12. Set up plane to take H.R.H. Prince Felix to U.K.
>
> June 18. At request of H.R.H. Prince Felix arranged clearance for plane to carry Luxembourg courier and diplomatic pouch to Vatican.
>
> June 27. To airstrip to meet H.R.H. Prince Felix and son H.R.H. Prince John on their return from Cannes.

This civilized exchange of air travel for decorations appeared to be working out very well, although from Colonel Arbrogast's point of view it probably seemed a bit prolonged, when Jimmy Cannon passed through Luxembourg one day early in July, pausing long enough to type up an article on his impressions of the city. In those days Jimmy Cannon was a sergeant working as a feature writer for the Paris edition of the *Stars and Stripes*. He ranged widely around the European theater, and his published observations were admired more for timeliness than reverence.

Sergeant Cannon had been in Luxembourg in the days when the city was an active spot in the war, and his article was a reflective column on the subject of Luxembourg revisited. Well, Sergeant Cannon wrote, things haven't changed much in Luxembourg; the ice cream is still bad; the pastry that looks so good in the shop windows still tastes like pasteboard; the girls are still the homeliest in Europe and the beer is as watery as it ever was. Furthermore, the Sergeant continued, just like in the old days there is so little chance for lively diversion in Luxembourg that soldiers in the city on pass spend most of their time at the Red Cross club.

By the time his composition appeared in the *Stars and Stripes,* Sergeant Cannon had pushed on to more colorful news areas. His editors probably gave him some idea of how the Luxembourgers reacted to his appraisal of their city, but I am sure he never heard about the grief and rage he caused Colonel Arbrogast. The day after Sergeant Cannon's feature story was circulated our liaison officer returned from a grim interview at the palace with word that Prince Felix had seen the day's *Stars and Stripes* and was extremely annoyed. A few days later Luxembourg's only newspaper brought the matter to the attention of the public in an editorial

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headed: "This We Will Not Stand." After paraphrasing Sergeant Cannon's opinions for the benefit of those who had not heard about the article, the editor remarked bitterly that this was fine treatment in return for the hospitality Luxembourgers had extended to Americans.

Colonel Arbrogast acted vigorously in an effort to salvage his ruined enterprise. He directed that our public relations officer write to the *Stars and Stripes*, refuting Sergeant Cannon. After a little reflection he ordered several other officers to write letters along the same lines, submitting them to him with the understanding that the prize-winning letter would also be sent to the *Stars and Stripes* for publication in a column devoted to expressions of public opinion. He also advised the general to sign a sharp letter of complaint addressed to the *Stars and Stripes*.

The Colonel's work apparently had some effect, for about a week later the *Stars and Stripes* carried an editorial that must have seemed curiously irrelevant to most subscribers. Without any apparent provocation the writer remarked that Luxembourg city was, after all, one of the most beautiful capitols in Europe and that the Luxembourgers had been unusually generous in their treatment of American soldiers. Colonel Arbrogast immediately sent the liaison officer to the palace to bring this tribute to the attention of Prince Felix. The editorial was followed by a comforting rumor (never confirmed) that Sergeant Cannon had been sent back to the United States in disgrace.

Unfortunately these reparations did little to re-establish the old Luxembourg enthusiasm for Americans. Our liaison officer continued to visit the palace occasionally, but Prince Felix seemed to have lost interest in free air travel. On the part of the Duchess and himself he declined, with thanks, an invitation to the general's house. By the end of July Colonel Arbrogast had nothing to show for his patient negotiations with Prince Felix except nearly three months of wasted time and the expenditure of much aviation gasoline.

Then the first atomic bomb was dropped on Japan. American prestige reached a new high all around the world during the joyous, unreflective days that immediately followed. In the midst of this revival our general was invited to the palace where he was decorated by Prince Felix for various ill-defined services rendered the Duchy of Luxembourg. The liaison officer returned from this ceremony with a selection of less exalted decorations which he turned over to Colonel Arbrogast for distribution to a chosen group of staff officers. I left the headquarters shortly after that, but I heard later that Colonel Arbrogast had sent the liaison officer to open discussions with the Belgians.

Prison Memories

LUIGI MEDA

Luigi Meda is a journalist and municipal alderman in Milan, and a representative in the newly elected Italian Chamber. He is an active member of the Christian Democratic Party. His father, Filippo Meda, was a leading spirit in the old Partito Populare, *and Minister of Finance in pre-fascist Italy. During the Mussolini era, Luigi Meda, constantly mixed up in anti-fascist struggles, was a leader in Milan Catholic Action and he found time to study there for a doctorate in law, to work up a successful law practice, marry and become the father of six children. During the war, he was a leader of the underground—as were so many of the Christian Democratic leaders, such as De Gasperi and Gonella in Rome, Aldesio in Sicily, Rodinò in Naples. This article is a brief condensation of the slim volume which Meda wrote describing his experiences while imprisoned by the nazis.* THE EDITORS.

WE USED to pray in the third wing of the jail of San Vittore in Milan. We prayed in pain and in sorrow and we prayed with a deep and abiding faith. We weren't aware of it, but we were good then. We were better than we are now. We loved and helped one another; selfishness was unknown. We shared a common suffering, the intimate communion of those cast on a sea of unending misery. We used to pray in the early morning, as the fresh light announced the new day—whose end we were never certain of witnessing. We used to pray in the shadows of night, remembering with poignant tenderness the persons dear to us, the pleasant scenes. We prayed in evil moments when prison life became unbearable; we prayed after the danger had passed.

Almost all cells had a cross on the wall. Carpi, the painter, completed a beautiful head of Christ within an hour after he had been thrown into his cell. There was a large fresco of the Crucifixion over the entrance of San Vittore; the Germans had it blacked-out. Whatever pointed to religion was suspect and had therefore to be banished if not destroyed. Yet the SS was powerless to silence the bells of the churches close to the prison. We used to listen to their tolling, as voices of friends who visited us to bring comfort. The bell of Fopponino sent its echoes as far as the third and fifth wings. In the morning it was like a joyous shout bidding us a good day and in the evening as it tolled during the Ave Maria, we were carried to our own hearths, where our families wept and prayed.

In our wing were priests, and they received no special consideration but were given the treat-

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ment meted out to all political prisoners. Still they managed to carry on their work of spiritual assistance. Two Barnabite fathers were released just before my arrest. A Jesuit father, Pericini, Father Ricci, Don Folli, Don Gatto, Father Pirovano, Don Angelo Griffanti, Don Liggeri were fellow prisoners. Unknown to the SS, we arranged to have them celebrate mass in the unused chapel of the prison. Mass was said in early morning with the cooperation of the regular prison guards who were in sympathy with us.

The Sisters entered our prison world in this manner. During the earlier months of our imprisonment women were confined in the same wing as the men. The Sisters were placed in charge of them. Later the women prisoners were removed to another part of San Vittore, the nuns going along with them. The Sisters brought a note of goodness and sweetness to the hard life we led under Teutonic discipline. They were brave and at great risk brought precise and continuous reports as to what was happening in and out of jail. The Germans suspected them and one day arrested their superior. They placed her in an underground cell. Cardinal Schuster got to learn about this and he prevailed upon the SS authorities to have her confined in a convent. They were real sisters to us. Our hopes were raised and our hearts lightened by the nuns. With them did we pray for ourselves, for the pursued, the tortured, the living and the dead. We prayed for our Italy, that she be redeemed and liberated, offering our sorrows, our sacrifices and our lives.

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Arrested November 25, 1943, I was taken to San Vittore. I was searched, then led to my cell, a trustee bringing in a straw mattress, two blankets, a cup, a wooden spoon, a wash basin. It was very late and I tried to get some sleep. However much I tried I couldn't close my eyes. I got up and began to pace my cell. I was too disturbed and agitated to do anything else. While walking, some instinct caused me to put my hands in my pocket. I found a lire note, a handkerchief, a medal of Saint John Bosco, which had been given me by Pius XI. I kissed the medal and returned it to my pocket. I searched my other pockets and found a chain which I wore when I carried my military identification tags as an officer in the Alpine troops. I interpreted finding the medal and chain as a good sign, and I composed a prayer to Don Bosco, asking him to plead with our Lord Jesus to set me free.

I was placed in solitary after a few days in jail. Those of us who were isolated were forbidden books and were able to get only one hour of fresh air, during which time we could speak to no one. Fortunately, Cerase, the guard of our wing, was secretly one of us and he helped ease our lot. Some prisoners were put to work and were thus able to move freely about the wing. They surreptitiously brought food and beverages to those in solitary. De Bartoli was an expert at this and would risk his skin by passing from cell to cell, bringing hot coffee and wine. Cerase was finally caught and sent to a concentration camp. De Bartoli was later himself placed in solitary.

My being in solitary indicated the gravity of my situation. Still I refused to despair. On the wall I had hung a picture of Blessed Cafasso, which I had found in a book in the prison library. I began a novena. On the eighth day, Clem, the SS sergeant in charge of the prisoners, entered the cell for an inspection. He threw everything on the floor, had me empty the straw mattress, felt everything. Seeing the picture of Blessed Cafasso, he reached for it, tore it and hurled the pieces to the ground while he raved and shouted imprecations. In the pocket of my coat he found a few sheets of paper on which I had written notes on prison life, with names and dates. The prison guard who accompanied Clem turned whiter than I did. To this day I still don't know why Clem didn't cuff and beat me, but they left. Knowing what happened to those caught breaking their rules, I couldn't rest. At about eight that evening, Stutz entered my cell. He was one of them but he hated the Nazis more than we did. He was a truly noble spirit and only the walls of San Vittore could tell of the many favors he did for us at great personal risk. He used to bring us food packages, letter from our families, and carry messages out of prison. Stutz was asked to translate the notes Clem discovered in my coat pocket. He explained that I had merely written notes pertaining to the work which had been assigned me in the prison office, and that I couldn't return them to the office since I wasn't permitted to communicate with anyone upon receipt of orders confining me to solitary. He had come so that our stories would tally one with the other. The next day (the last day of the novena) I was taken off solitary.

★

San Vittore was used by the Nazis as a collecting point for Jews. Every day these poor people arrived, men and women of all ages and every walk of life. Mothers still nursing their babies, men too feeble to stand on their feet, children unaware of the tragic fate in store for them. They were locked up in the second wing and we had orders not to go near them, but in the nighttime cells were opened and they were assisted.

As soon as a Jew was brought in, he was stripped of every valuable and his baggage was given to a sergeant from SS headquarters in the Albergo Regina. Their food was similar to that given to all prisoners, but they were treated with

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greater brutality. Clem would enter their cells, firing his pistol, shouting curses, threats, compelling sons to beat their fathers. Several times they were forced to clean the pavement with their tongues. After a while, when about four hundred had been gathered, they were herded onto trucks, each with a card giving a number and hung from his neck. They were shipped as though they were animals, women about to give birth, the sick in critical condition, paralytics, children of but two and three years.

I remember one of the first departures that took place on a Sunday of January of 1944. All political prisoners gave up their ration of bread and meat of 100 grams each so that those leaving could have something extra for the journey. The Germans knew this but they had not the courage to stop it. With this group left also a woman who had been brought in about ten days prior thereto. She was not a Jew; her father had been. She had been baptized at birth and had been reared as a Catholic.

"I hope," she said, "I do hope they will let me out soon. I have faith in the prayers of my son who is a priest."

She had given her only son to God. I promised to do anything I could for her, suggesting that she get in touch with me through the person in charge of the infirmary, since he was the only one who could enter the second wing. Several days later Pieri brought me a rosary.

"A Jewish woman sends these. She asks that you accept them as a gift from her."

As the group left, I watched from behind a column, looking for the mother of the priest. She saw me and smiled. I walked over to her and pressed the rosary in her hands.

"Thank you very much," she said. "I have no fear because my son is a priest and I know he is praying for me."

★

A few days before Easter of 1944, we heard that Cardinal Schuster had obtained permission to celebrate Mass in San Vittore. Since priests were not permitted to enter the cells for the purpose of hearing confessions, the Cardinal had decided to give general absolution to all who desired it and had made a good act of contrition, so as to receive worthily the Holy Sacrament.

Piraccini and I were allowed to visit all the cells and note the names of those who planned to receive Communion. We took this opportunity to distribute secretly cigarettes and matches and to pick up notes which were smuggled out of the prison. Out of five hundred, four hundred and fifty went to the altar. The Jews were denied spiritual comfort by the Germans, and among those classified as Jews were very many Catholics. The next morning at eight, the Cardinal arrived. He celebrated Mass and gave a short sermon touched with patriotism and expressing his solidarity with the political prisoners.

Present at the Mass was my friend Roberti, a communist, who made no secret of his political beliefs. During the evenings we used to get together and discuss matters, often religious and spiritual. He was an atheist and he had a heart of gold, a spirit still profoundly Christian. One evening he spoke of his family—a woman and two children. I spoke of my wife and children. "A woman and a wife. Surely these are different things," I remarked. But he dearly loved his companion to whom he felt bound even though there was no civil or religious marriage.

Toward the evening of Easter Monday, Roberti called me and asked if the old archpriest, who was a prisoner, would listen to his confession. He had not been to confession in thirty years. I told him that the priest would be pleased by his confidence in him and would certainly listen to his confession. "Please," said Roberti, "See him first and explain my situation." I did. The next day Roberti met me and after embracing me, said, "If God wishes me to leave here, I shall have to put everything in order. Don Carlo assured me that God has blessed my decision. Today I shall write her. I know she will be happy. Have you understood—to her, my wife, no longer my woman."

★

Despite the seriousness of my position I never lost the feeling that I would regain my freedom. Even when Popper, an Austrian prisoner who was employed as an interpreter, told me that my name was on a list of those headed for a concentration camp in Germany, I still hoped. Nor did the fact that my fellow-workers, Gasperotto, Barni, Violante, Tirale, Briochi, Pugliese and others had already been shipped out dim this hope. I had the opportunity to flee, but knowledge that dreadful reprisals would be visited upon my companions in prison held me back. The day came, however, when we were ordered to pack our things and get ready for a trip. I returned to my cell and wrote a note to my wife which was to be smuggled out by the gardener. My only consolation was that I was leaving with friends with whom I felt united by months shared in prison.

While we were getting our things ready, my name was called out and I was told by the SS sergeant that I was not scheduled to leave with the rest. Popper told me that Clem had received orders from SS headquarters in the Albergo Regina to scratch Meda off the list. Stutz walked over to me and with joy on his face asked me not to forget him when I arrived home. Home? "Yes," he replied, "you will be home by tomorrow. Believe me."

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That night of April 25, 1944 was the worst I have ever passed. I was unable to close my eyes. I rose at five and waited in the office until nine o'clock. The phone rang and orders were given to release 738, my prison number. Leaving my fellow-prisoners, my friends, was difficult; and many of them I shall never see again. They were shot or died in concentration camps. We lived together as a family, hour by hour, minute by minute; shared aspirations, sorrows and joys and even faced the prospect of death together.

At 12:30, April 26 I was cleared through SS headquarters and was indeed released. A half hour later I rejoined my wife and daughter Maria Rosa at the House of the Blind Veterans. There Monsignor Gilardi told me that it was Cardinal Schuster who had obtained my release through Monsignor Guiseppe Bicchierai. Three days later my eight-year-old son, Gian Luca, received his first Holy Communion. He told me that he had always been certain that I would be home for the ceremony. On the morning of April 25, as soon as he had awakened he ran to my wife saying, "I have had a wonderful dream. During the night Don Bosco entered my room and after drinking coffee with milk, he entered into a conversation with me. Suddenly he said, 'You have prayed very much for Daddy; now I will take care of the matter. I'll see to it.' Then he rode away on a white horse."

The Screen

I've Been Here Before

PRACTICALLY everyone has had the sensation of having had an earlier experience exactly like the one going on now. The place, the smell, the people, the circumstances—you feel it's all happened before. You don't remember when—you think perhaps in a dream, perhaps in a previous existence, perhaps under conditions you've forgotten. Psychologists say all this is due to nerves or overtiredness—but then, they know *all* the answers.

Something like that is experienced by the leading character in an extraordinary English movie called *"Dead of Night."* Walter Craig (Mervyn Johns) goes to a country house where he has never been. He is greeted by his host, meets the other guests—and is surprised by the feeling of familiarity, of having met these people before, of knowing the place. He speaks of a recurring dream—one that ends horribly. The guests are fascinated, especially when Craig makes predictions about the next guest to arrive; and he is correct. "Pooh," scoffs one of the guests, a doctor; but the others are sympathetic and two of them tell of strange stories in their own lives.

It would, of course, be unfair for me to tell you too much of the plot (or plots) of this gripping movie that kept me in a dither. But perhaps just a suggestion will send you running to see it. One of the men tells (and I still shudder as I see his tale visualized) of the time he was in a hospital after an auto crash. One night he looked out of the window and the driver of a hearse waved up at him and said, "Just room for one more inside." Later when he was well again, he was about to board a bus when he realized its conductor was the hearse-driver who again said, "Just room for one more inside."

Another guest (played by Googie Withers) tells of the mirror she gave her fiancé who looked into it and saw not the reflection of the room in which he was, but another, entirely different room with heavy Victorian furnishings and a definitely sinister aspect. (A room *can* be sinister; wait till you see this one, not even cheered by the fire burning in its grate.)

The doctor continues to be skeptical, but relents enough to tell the strangest story of all: about a ventriloquist (Michael Redgrave) who took to drink because his dummy threatened to leave him. The weird irony of this dual-personality tale ends in deeply stirring tragedy.

Then Craig realizes that his own recurring dream has always ended in murder—so he advances on the doctor; and the picture becomes a Daliesque nightmare that includes not only the guests but also the characters of the three other stories.

It is difficult to give credit where it most belongs in Michael Balcon's fine production, mainly because so many people are involved. The four directors include Cavalcanti, Charles Crichton, Basil Deardon, and Robert Hamer. The screenplay was written by John Baines and Angus Macphail from stories of their own and two by H. G. Wells and E. F. Benson. And if the planned effect was to put goose pimples on your goose pimples, it more than succeeds. Each incident, with mixtures of psychology and supernatural, makes you more edgy than the one before. No doubt much of the secret of the film's success as a thriller is in its simplicity, the understatement of its good cast and the matter-of-fact tone that pervades all the scenes except the wild Walpurgis night episodes toward the end. While "Dead of Night" is by no means the best picture ever made, it is one of the most intelligently scary ones. And when the movies finally get around to filming "The Turn of the Screw," I should certainly trust this James gem in the capable hands of Producer Balcon and his confreres.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Science For Democracy. Edited with an introduction by Jerome Nathanson. Kings Crown. $2.50.

THIS BOOK contains a number of papers prepared for and the verbatim report of symposiums held at the third yearly conference on the Scientific and Democratic Faith. It presents the views of political and social scientists, engineers, educators, philosophers and others on the pressing problem of how to use the scientific disciplines for the advancement of democracy.

Naturally little in the way of unanimity results from such a meeting of minds. It seems to reflect to a degree the chaos in which the social sciences find themselves. Yet it is a serious attempt to explore an important and elusive

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subject. Physical science has presented us with a vast number of new facts which can make or unmake man. Can social science produce the directive which will enable man to use them for his benefit?

The book is in four parts: Science in the National Economy; The Challenge of Science to Social Thinking; followed by two symposiums, one on the question, Does Private Industry Threaten the Freedom of Scientific Research? and the other on the rôle of Science in the Determination of Democratic Policy.

There is agreement in the first two parts that freedom of research is necessary and that the primary function of science is to acquaint man with the basic structure of the reality within which he exists so that he may make the adjustments without which life ends in defeat and frustration. But the problem is to get man to make the adjustment. For mere acquaintance with reality is futile unless man does readjust his outlook and prejudices accordingly—unless he is willing to overcome his inertia to new ways of thinking and accept reasonable conclusions whether he likes them or not.

One of the symposiums takes up the rôle of science in forming democratic policy. The questions to be answered are, can science determine what is a valid policy? and, if so, how can it make conflicting interests accept a policy which can be adjudged valid? No agreement is reached as to whether policy making falls within the purview of science or not. For the policy making situation is one of doubt. There are many variables and science cannot tell which proposal to choose—that needs practical judgment based on practical wisdom. Science can help build up that practical wisdom but it cannot force a conclusion on the mind.

The real challenge of science lies, as stated above, in its capacity to uncover truth, yet it has had very little effect as yet in directing people's thinking. So far we have been little concerned to do such elementary things—to choose only a few—as safeguarding our natural resources, solving the problem of distribution as it relates to need unless that need can be directly and immediately related to profit, or making clear the whole fundamental plan of our economic life.

Science teaches us that this earth contains more resources than man can ever exhaust if he uses them wisely for the benefit of all, but that they are so distributed that no nation can be self-sufficient. The earth we live on demands cooperation by its very structure. Yet cooperation is still a hope for the future.

The common explanation of why science has had so little effect is that it has been taught for content and not for method and that it has been too timid, too naturalistic to reach out boldly into the area where human relations and human values come into focus, that is, where judgments of policy and practice are made.

In this connection we are told that the psychoanalyst strives to instill in man a deeper self-confidence, a fuller self-respect, and an improved relationship with society. The psychiatrist strives to bring about a greater understanding of men and their motivation. True, these sciences are still feeling their way. But more should be made of them as they are the ones, if any, which can help the majority achieve the integration with reality which is so essential to democracy.

But there is another suggested explanation of the lack of attention to scientific findings. Too much attention, it is said, has been given by scientists to the formulation and verification of statements of fact as opposed to more and more adequate statements of how we want things to be done (the moral law) and to thoughts which release action in a desired direction—that is, making decisions, plans, policies. The naturalistic bent of many social scientists led them to question this distinction and revert to treating human values and wishes as physical facts and measurements are treated.

The suggestion is made that a new logic is needed with criteria for evaluating hypotheses on the basis of incomplete evidence. But, except for the most exact sciences, that has always been necessary and it has been done with valuable results. It is strange that in all this no mention is made of one of America's most important contributions toward exactitude in the social sciences—the public opinion polls which, when scientifically taken and analyzed, can give the factual data upon which judgments which may lead to action may be based.

Another one of the symposiums treats the question, does private industry threaten the freedom of scientific research? It is a fact that during the war scientists consented willingly to restrictions imposed on their research by the Government's request that they investigate particular questions posed by the experiences of the war. Then private industry made it clear that it too would like to use scientists in the same way to investigate problems which would help business. The trouble is that industry would seek the best, restrict them, and end by drying up the sources of scientific advance.

But institutional and government research suffer under somewhat the same disabilities as industrial research—for budgetary reasons. Colleges and universities which go in for industrially-sponsored research come directly into contact with patents, and monopoly or cartel control. These, it is agreed, do threaten the freedom of scientific inquiry. They limit such inquiry and close many avenues of thought. Thus research can be misdirected or completely stopped. Many instances are given of industrial or governmental (for government departments are sensitive to public pressure) blocking of new and important discoveries during the past war.

It is true, as one speaker expresses it, that the participants in these discussions are arguing how science can best serve democracy without any agreement on the meaning of the term science. Are economics and the social sciences really sciences? Can man or any problem which involves his beliefs and his emotions be treated as can purely material problems? These questions can only be answered by starting with a clear delineation of the area in which science can operate and give results. But these are the questions which are not answered. This reader was left with the feeling that the participants had a subconscious realization that, in dealing with man, after science has played its rôle there is something left which the poet can express more clearly and with a closer relation to truth.

WILLIAM AGAR.

The Quiet Man. Patrick Purcell. Putnam. $2.50.

IN THIS quiet, unpretentious tale of a country schoolmaster, Patrick Purcell writes again, tenderly of life in his own part of Ireland, where the river Suir flows through a rich farm and pasture land on its way to the sea at Waterford.

Peter O'Dea was the school-master, a man from distant County Clare. Fresh out of training college in Dublin, he

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went to the village of Carriglea and there passed the rest of his days. He went as the assistant-teacher to a man whose eccentricities had long been legendary; a huge, bearded fellow with a bellowing voice and a Fenian conscience; a bachelor who did his own cooking and, above all, his own washing. Peter lived with that old codger for ten happy years; then succeeded him as teacher; and married and lost his wife and, alone, brought up his young son to manhood—and, in a crisis, restored the self-confidence which the young man had lost. That's the main point of the story; and that, in anybody's hands, is a theme of considerable moment.

In his handling of it, Mr. Purcell achieves a certain loveliness of effect; and because that is so clearly the effect he was aiming at, I say that this is a splendid book. It belongs, however, to a tradition that isn't ours; it belongs to the Irish peasant tradition of Kickham, Sheehan and O'Donnell. See it, therefore, as one of the subtly fine and delicate things of that still thriving literature of the Gaelic people; and don't judge it by our definitions of the novel. This, indeed, is by our standards not a novel at all, but bears to the novel something of the relationship of a carefully wrought pastel to an oil-painting. But read this tale and see whether it doesn't succeed much better than the average novel in capturing the most elusive commodity in fiction: an atmosphere.

Mr. Purcell is a very young man; still, I believe, in his early twenties. As a rule, I don't like the works of young writers, and I think it's a form of stealing to take money for a book that "shows promise," as the critics say. In commending this book I take no account of the author's age. Within his field, he is a fine workman—and if you don't read him with delight, the fault, be sure of it, won't be his.

DAVID MARSHALL.

Singing Waters. Ann Bridge. Macmillan. $2.75.

MY NOMINATION for the current literary "heavy" is Nils Larsen, Swedish hero of this current book club choice. I came to feel like ducking when I saw him coming. He throws a massive block at the prospective reader in the opening train compartment scene, and so devastating is his interference that only something as vigorous as a book review assignment manages to keep the pages turning. It is too bad, for Nils gets a good story off to a needlessly bumpy start. Happily he disappears early, to reappear only in the final chapters.

It is not only that Nils talks interminably. He sounds like twenty and more years ago. All the supposedly bright talk about American luxuries, standardization, advertising, and the emptiness of American living. Or the contrast between the noble and versatile (if primitive) European peasant and an American city dweller with his sanitary conveniences, tabloids, movies, radio and flabby hands. Or the advantages of monarchy as opposed to a republic such as ours and a lot of stale power politics comment. Nils just pours it out as if his ideas were original, striking or even stimulating now, while the author for the time drops all pretense of presenting a scene between romantically different voyagers meeting for the first time in a European train compartment. I simply cannot believe that Nils is typical of the ILO, which is supposed to employ him; that estimable organization would have folded up long since for lack of a sense of humor.

Nils is a catalytic agent who gets disastrously out of

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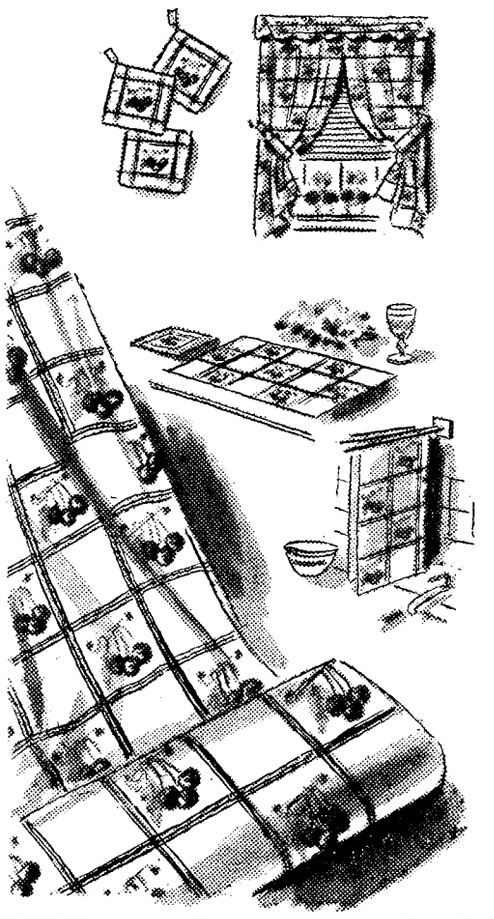

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hand. His due rôle is to call the signals, not to carry the ball. For the problem of "Singing Waters" is how to get Gloire (of all names) to find herself after her hitherto pampered and brittle existence has been shattered by the possibly avoidable death of her husband on a mountain climb. Nils does forget his theorizing about everything in sight long enough to persuade the obviously unhappy and beauteous young American to go into the mountains of Albania. I was glad that I had held on during the first quarter (flicking a few of the pages, it is true) to follow Gloire through the various stages of her cure. It is a process both deeply satisfying and psychologically sound, which has to be read to be appreciated. In case anyone is interested, there is a mild love story plus no little adventure. The experienced British novelist who wrote this edifying tale is much more successful than most current writers in providing an answer to the bewildered individual who today is desperately looking for something to cling to. Her story itself is absorbing and her human relationships ring true. Conversationally overbearing Nils did have a good prescription.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The American. Howard Fast. Duell. $3.00.

THE REACTIONARIES, stupid to a man, never fail to help the communists. That was as true in the 1880's as it is today. It is little less than a miracle that the nation maintains any sense of stability, with each of these vicious elements constantly tearing at the social structure. Neither has anything constructive to offer; neither group thinks in terms of the common welfare.

Howard Fast has used Peter Altgeld of Illinois and his relation to the Haymarket trial in 1886 to emphasize the unfairness practiced by the rich toward the poor. The illustration is very apt. Although I have had at least a dozen of my graduate history students, priests, ministers, and lawyers investigate the records of the Haymarket trial, the opinion has been unanimous that it was a travesty on justice, and that Judge Gary, who presided, was an accomplice to a judicial murder. I have heard the widow of Parsons, one of the four men who were hanged, speak with reference to the "trial." Decent people in Chicago are ashamed of the tragic farce.

As the novel makes clear, Altgeld, while governor, became very interested in the case, sifted mountains of evidence, issued a clear pardon to the three men who were still in jail, and stated flatly that the men were innocent and should never have been imprisoned. He made it evident that he believed that the four men who had been hanged were also innocent. He stated that he did not believe that Judge Gary was fit to preside at such a trial. As a result, Altgeld created many political enemies; the reactionaries maintained that he was an anarchist; the majority of the people believed the charges, and he was killed politically. The obvious implication is that the common man can expect no justice until the rule of the proletariat is achieved. No reference is made to the social progress that was being achieved as a result of the efforts of those who differed with Field and Armour; no effort is made to show that at least some judges acted in conformity with decency and conscience. However, it is one more example of grist for the communist mill resulting from reactionary policies, and Howard Fast has made the most of his opportunity.

PAUL KINIERY.

Dew On Jordan. Harold Preece and Celia Kraft. Dutton. $2.50.

"DEW ON JORDAN," by Harold Preece and his Jewish wife, is dedicated to their son, who has inherited from chapel and synagogue. But for unnecessarily chattey details about the authors and their background, it is a very absorbing and well presented study of the various Baptist sects in and around the hills of North Carolina, Tennessee and eastern Texas. Some of the tales are almost too grim: the faith-healing when the woman with the pear-shaped cancer in her nose is beaten and another woman dies; the waiting by a whole community for a Messiah who is to be born of a slut and the baby is a girl; all the women in one village sewing Ascension robes whilst the preacher escapes with the prettiest girl and all their clothes and cash; the crafty old 'un who from sluttry and guile got grace and was immersed. Also, the authors do not make their own attitude quite clear. Was Mr. Preece himself just another bogus missioner when he preached in their chapels? Just one more rascal, proferring salvation in order to profit by the proferring? When he ate the Baptist beans and bacon, was his approach anthropological? or quasi-theological? There is a slightly bogus quality about the enthusiasm of these two young sect-hunters; they wave their Baptist-net a little brashly in the sight of their quarry's Bibles. Belief, however misguided, can never be just quaint. The snake-healers, so near an older serpent-worship, the doggerel hymns, the hillbilly ecstasies, are not just souvenirs for the mantelshelf or cute snaps for the album. Yet there is much powerful writing, and more excellent recording, in this volume. Its performance is much better than the promise of its arch opening chapters. Whilst it misses being a truly serious study of American folk-faith, it succeeds in being a book no future De Toqueville will dare miss.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Innocents of Paris. Gilbert Cesbron. Houghton. $2.50.

"THE INNOCENTS OF PARIS" never quite comes off. It has moments of vitality and perception, but its moods are sustained only briefly, and the high points are followed by abrupt sagging in style, plot and characterization.

How much of this is due to the translation is difficult to judge. I do know that the first chapter, which seemed to me badly over-written, got the book off to a very bad start with one reader. Perhaps others will like rain that falls "white and sloping like a sailboat" or trees that "sneezed at the wind like a dog coming out of the water." Would little boys priding themselves on their toughness be likely to think in images so consciously cute? Probably Marguerite Waldman, the translator, could do little about the imagery, but judicious toning down of the more purple passages would have helped. Also, she might have refrained from such refinements as footnotes to explain puns (rather poor even in the original) which do not survive translation.

However, the book's main trouble is not language. It is that the characters do not come to life, except fitfully. The stories are about a gang of boys, their pets, and their adventures in the Paris of twenty or twenty-five yars ago. Some of the incidents are well conceived and some, notably the last which ends in a hospital where the gang leader is dying, succeed in recreating the intense, terrify-

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ing clarity and, simultaneously, dreamlike unreality which accompanies crisis in early adolescence especially. Other incidents, such as the Kid's reception at the Home for Old Couples at Saint-Ouen and Vevu's night on the town with the vice squad, promise well but fail to deliver. A parrot named Ashby-de-la-Zouche will be remembered simply because of his name, but is otherwise undistinguished, while the rabbit and the dog made no impression on me, though I am well disposed toward both. The children themselves do not stand out much more clearly. Vevu, an inarticulate fat boy with a lisp, is the most nearly three dimensional, and his desperate, helpless prevision of disaster following his unintentional betrayal of the gang's secret is very well done. But Lancelot, who is supposed to be the leading spirit of the group, is sketchily drawn and the religious episode in which he figures is especially unconvincing.

M. Cesbron is fluent and inventive, perhaps too much so for his own good. He relies upon bizarre episodes and highly colored writing where he might better build upon a deeper perception of character, out of which less artificial, though no less dramatic, situations could be developed.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT.

A Negro's Faith In America. Spencer Logan. Macmillan. $1.75.

FOR THE MAN who fears to live next door to a Negro, Mr. Logan would be the ideal neighbor to effect a conversion. He emerges from this little book (88 pages) as a moderate, friendly, and intelligent man, typically American middle class, in the best sense of the term. For the more militant protagonists of racial justice, "A Negro's Faith In America" may be *too* moderate; what can be done now, rather than what ought to be done now, is the question he tries to answer. His dispassionate appraisal of current Negro leadership classifies three main types—the successful artist, the intellectual idealist, the spiritual Messiah. All three he finds wanting. The great mass of decent, industrious, churchgoing Negroes, have still to find their spokesman. The chapter on miscegenation is especially good.

"A Negro's Faith In America" was written while the author still was a member of the armed forces. In the Macmillan Centenary awards, the book won top honors in the nonfiction field. The author's style keeps pace with his thoughts; it does not scintillate or sparkle, but does an effective job of self-expression. This is a good book to put in the hands of the racially unconscious.

LEO J. TRESE.

Guiding Growth In Christian Social Living. Volume III. By Sister Mary Joan, O.P., and Sister Mary Nona, O.P. Catholic University. $4.00.

THE THIRD VOLUME of "Guiding Growth In Christian Social Living," a curriculum for elementary schools, is just off the press. It is intended for the seventh and eighth grades.

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This volume, the life of CLAUDE DUBUIS, Bishop of Galveston is not only a chapter in American Church history; it is likewise a chapter in the history of the United States.

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BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

Here's O'Hara. Three Novels and Twenty Short Stories. John O'Hara. Duell. $3.00.

FOR THE more rabid O'Hara fans, this omnibus should prove a bonanza. As a representative selection for the studious, it has its defects, the most obvious of which being the omission of his first and finest novel, "Appointment In Samarra." The score of short stories are mostly excellent and typical enough, but fill a tantalizingly slim section of the book.

Mr. O'Hara's delineations of American after-hours behavior are in a class by themselves. He is a *genre* artist with extraordinary perception and in the short sketch he has developed his talents to perfection. The situations are so genuine and startlingly familiar that the reader finds himself frequently involved to the point of embarrassment. The treatment he accords his characters is always scrupulously just and at times profoundly sympathetic.

Of the novels, "Butterfield 8" and "Hope of Heaven" represent his less fortunate efforts. His technique, for one thing is not readily stretched. The themes which only need to be hinted at in his short stories are of course evident but still only suggested. A certain scope or evaluation of what goes on, usually requisite in a work of length, is unapparent. There is, instead, a preoccupation with the obsessions and relentless pursuits of his people that is carried to a meaningless extent. In the end, his powers of interpretation seem to be touched by the same neurasthenia that afflicts the witless folk with which he is concerned.

If the only function of the novelist is to entertain, then Mr. O'Hara's method is pointing in the right direction. But this is a pretty tedious definition. There is no reason why a writer may not seek any other end he desires, provided enough people are interested. Mr. O'Hara could profit by a look around, and a lot of people would be interested.

RICHARD HAGER.

Companions on the Left Hand. George Tabori. Houghton. $2.75.

FARKAS, the famous playwright of Budapest and Vienna, never just walked into a place, he made an entry. A vain self-conscious man, now sixty, he was fond of "big meals, young girls and bright mornings." For

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t short time he had flirted with religious problems, but vhen his play "The Valley's Faith" became an awful iasco and his literary agents told him that "faith isn't ashionable any longer," he became afraid to be ridiculed y the sinners who fill the theaters and returned to his exy "triangle" plays and his cynical, sophisticated, disllusioned and detached philosophy which had charmed he bourgeois world. In the summer of 1943 he came to San Fernando, a little seaside place near Ravenna, in order to enjoy memories of happier times spent in this old-fashioned bathing place, to enjoy a rest from his mistress and the shadows of politics and war, and if possible to start the manuscript of a new play.

But instead of finding peace, Farka. finds terror and disaster in this little town, a microcosm of the world's holocaust. All these impressions, as seen by the comfort-loving playwright, are described with a mordid cynicism. But the author is not the unpolitical type like Farkas, he is a "progressive" with an anti-religious bias and sympathies for the communist movement. Thus the Benedictine Fathers are made the villians of the story while the communist agitators are described as brave men and the harbingers of better times. In spite of the corroding irony of the story and the skepticism that laughs at religion and idealism, the author wants us to believe in the values of social revolution and to judge his hero as an egocentric parasite. A remarkable analytical talent is wasted in this depressing nihilistic story. The author thinks that all idealistic efforts of man are just a masquerade for his material aims which change with the changing times; he does not know that there are absolute values in the world of ours and that the past is not only judged by the most recent of events, but by eternity.

MAX FISCHER.

The Good Fight. Manuel Luiz Quezon. Appleton. $4.00.

OCCASIONALLY we find an individual whose biography is the recapitulation of a period in his nation's history, whose life fulfills the classic definition of an institution, "a lengthened shadow of a man." Such a person is the late Manuel L. Quezon, Filipino hero and first president of the Commonwealth, who died of tuberculosis in this country in 1944. If the American forces on the islands had his recent autobiography they would not have been mystified by the number of streets, parks and public buildings that bore his name.

Quezon's story is on the Horatio Alger model, another example of revolutionary movements finding their leaders among the more obscure social groups. He was born in an isolated village on the remote eastern coast of Luzon. After preliminary education from the local Spanish friar and at college in Manila, he was accepted as a charity student in the ancient university of Santo Tomas, where he studied law. Although antipathetic to Spanish rule, he obeyed his father's injunction to avoid revolutionary activity, and was a spectator when Dewey sank the Spanish fleet in the Bay. In the wave of resentment that swept the islands on American annexation, he joined Aguinaldo, and was active as a staff officer against the US troops. When Aguinaldo was defeated by a division under General Arthur MacArthur in 1899, Quezon retired to Bataan, where he conducted desultory operations as a guerilla for nearly two years. Conscious of the drama, he tells how, depressed and malarial, he walked down Merivales to place himself at the mercy of the victors, at

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Next Week

THIRD PARTY? by John C. Cort—Our colleague John Cort, like so many Americans who wish to or not, has been hearing many plans and rumors of plans for the establishment in the United States of a third major political party, and he has undertaken to examine the rumors and plans and practical possibilities. The third party most frequently spoken about is, hypothetically, a labor party, and John Cort describes in very vivid terms the labor background and the moves and counter-moves currently taking place within the labor movement and elsewhere outside the wings of the Republican and Democratic parties.

THE FIGHT OVER NEUTRALITY, by Harry Lorin Binsse, is a brief account of a controversy which has been raging in the Province of Quebec with regard to Catholic participation in "nonsectarian" or "neutral" organizations such as labor unions, cooperatives, professional associations and the like.

THE TAYLOR AND/OR CATHOLIC QUESTION, by John P. Sisk, is probably controversial. John P. Sisk, fresh out of the Army, and about to return to teaching English literature (including, we believe, satire and polemics) has been reading the newspapers . . . just reading the newspapers. He has found an issue centering around Myron C. Taylor taking up much space and has discovered that the issue concerns also Protestantism versus Catholicism. Somehow, the current controversy being conducted against the Catholic Church does not seem to him to conform to the mighty tradition of Luther and Calvin and Milton and those titans of old.

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almost the exact spot where 35 years later the same conquerors paid him the highest honors as President of the Philippine Commonwealth. In another five years, he was defending the same territory against the Japanese invaders as an associate and friend of the first MacArthur's son.

In the intervening years, he gradually became convinced of American sincerity, rose from provincial politics to the highest office in the Commonwealth, and agitated constantly at home and in Washington for full independence for the Philippines.

It is a naïve account, valuable chiefly as a testimony to the rapidly maturing political consciousness of the Filipinos. It contains an important vindication of Señor Roxas, who was bitterly attacked as a collaborationist in his recent campaign. And it reprints a passage, originally written for President Roosevelt, that might well be sent today to every victorious power and liberated government in Europe: "They [the men who accepted positions on the commission established by the Japanese] are not 'quislings.' . . . These men did what they were asked to do, while they were free, under the protection of their government. Today they are virtually prisoners of the enemy. I am sure that they are doing what they think is their duty. They are not traitors. They are the victims of the adverse fortunes of war and I am sure they have no choice. Besides, it is most probable that they accepted their positions in order to safeguard the welfare of the civilian populations in the occupied areas." We would have to change the tense, but the charity of the judgment is pertinent.

J. N. MOODY.

A Volunteer's Adventures. John William De Forest. Yale. $3.00.

MOST of the letters and diaries left by Civil War veterans were crudely written. De Forest, however, well educated and widely traveled, had already written five books before becoming in 1861 a member of a Connecticut regiment. Thereafter he saw service in Louisiana and in Virginia. The book is made up principally of letters written to his wife, letters evidently not originally intended for publication. Honestly and unemotionally the grim story of the war is recounted. William Dean Howells considered De Forest as one of the best writers of the post-war period; this clear and intelligible account of the campaigns witnessed by the latter tends to justify such an appraisal.

PAUL KINIERY.

CONTRIBUTORS

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